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Toward the horizon line,
And prone Orion, sprawling headlong, urge
His flight into the far Pacific surge.

I heard a voice which said: "Those wonders bright
Are hung not on the hinges of the night;
But set to vaster harmonies, they run
Straight on, and turn not with the turning sphere,
Nor make an orbit about any sun.
No glass can track the courses that they steer,
By what dark paths they vanish and appear.
The starry flocks that still
Are climbing Heaven's hill
Will pasture westward down its sloping lawn;
But yon wild herd of planets — who can say
Through what far fields they stray;
Around what focus their ellipse is drawn;
Whose shining makes their transcendental dawn?"

I told my vision to a learned man,
Who said: "On no celestial globe or plan
Can those unset, unrisen stars be found.
How might such uncomputed motions be
Among the ordered spheres? Heaven's clock is wound
To keep one time. Idle our dreams, and we,
Blown by the wind, as the light family
Of leaves." But still I dream,
And still those planets seem
Through Heaven their high, unbending course to take;
And a voice cries: "Freedom and Truth are we,
And Immortality:
God is our sun." And though the morning break
Across my soul still plays their shimmering wake.

HENRY A. BEERS.

NEW HAVEN, January, 1880.

AN ORIENTAL MYSTIC.

The name of Dschelaleddin Rumi is familiar to lovers of Persian poetry. He lived in the thirteenth century, and belonged to that sect of Mohammedan mystics called Sufis; whose doctrines, under various forms, permeated Oriental poetry and philosophy. The Sufists looked upon the soul as an emanation from Deity to be absorbed into its source, and regarded that absorption as the sole aim of life, attainable only by contemplation. They concentrated every faculty inward, and sought to identify themselves so closely with God as to lose "each atom of separate being," swallowed up in an all-embracing unity.

Dschelaleddin has been called "the greatest mystic poet of the whole Orient." He wrote a *Divan*, containing thirty thousand couplets, and the "*Mesnavi*," containing forty thousand. The following extract from the former, translated by Rückert into German, illustrates the recurrence of the same rhyme, characteristic of Persian poetry: —

"Mit deiner Seele hat sich meine
 Gemischt, wie Wasser mit dem Weine.
 Wer kann den Wein vom Wasser trennen,
 Wer dich und mich aus dem Vereine?
 Du bist mein grosses Ich geworden,
 Und nie mehr will ich sein dies kleine.
 Du hast mein Wesen angenommen,
 Sollt' ich nicht nehmen an das deine?
 Auf ewig hast du mich bejahet,
 Dass ich dich ewig nie verneine."

The rhyme is repeated through twelve additional couplets. I would fain render it into English verse, but give instead a prose version: —

"My soul has mixed with Thine, as water with wine. Who can separate wine from water, or Thee from me? Thou hast become my great Self, and never more shall I be this little self. Thou hast received into Thine my being; shall I not receive Thine into mine? For ever hast Thou affirmed me, that I may never deny Thee."

The "*Mesnavi*," Rumi's greatest work, is regarded by Mohammedans as surpassing all others in the depth and fervor of its mystical piety. Portions of it have been translated into German by the Oriental scholar, Georg Rosen. It opens with the song of the flute, whose melting, melancholy music inspired the dervishes in their mystic dances. Its notes are complaints, — complaints on account of its separation from the reed-grown ponds; and thus it is the picture of enlightened man, whose life is also a complaint on account of its separation from Divinity; the sundering of a part from the whole, for which it longs, until individuality is annihilated, and the pure spirit is reabsorbed into the great unity. Legends and narratives, mystical and allegorical, interwoven with ascetic doctrines and philosophical teachings, make up the book. One of the principal stories is that of a Jewish king who reigned in the early part of the Christian era. This king consulted his vizier as to what means he should employ to root out the Christian faith. The vizier thereupon was hypocritically converted to Christianity, and by his assumed piety so gained the confidence of the Christians that he was appointed spirit-

ual chief over the twelve tribes into which they were divided. He then taught to each different dogmas. To one he said, "Victory over self is the only basis of reconciliation to God." To another, "Renunciation is of no avail, good works alone can save thee." To a third he declared that "attention to external rites was chiefly necessary." In a fourth he inculcated the duty of resignation. To a fifth he said, "Let man recognize his weakness, and God's omnipotence is revealed." To a sixth, "Call thyself not weak, or thou mistakest God's mercy; for thy power flows from His power, and is part of that which created every thing."

Having disseminated contradictory doctrines, he retired to a hermit's cell, whence all entreaties to draw him forth were vain. He secluded himself, fasting for forty days, and then summoned the twelve princes of the twelve tribes to separate interviews, and appointed each his immediate successor. His purpose accomplished, the seeds of dissension sown in the very midst of the Christians, he died a willing sacrifice. Ethical precepts and reflections are interspersed through the narrative. The poet dwells upon the idea that the selfishness of the individual stands in the way of that perfect purity of thought essential to the comprehension of Divinity. To be buried in God, man must forget himself; must give up self-love to be reunited to the primitive substance. Renounce thyself if thou wouldst perceive the truly Existent under the play of external phenomena. Nature's multiplicity is confusing, but faith looks upward steadily, and perceives beneath the transient the eternally abiding. God is everywhere.

"I am what is, and is not. I
Am — if thou dost know it,
Say it, O Dschelaleddin — I am
The Soul in all!"

The poet likens divine knowledge to a sea; an element clear in itself, but resisting all formation. The world of forms is a succession of waves, each moment appearing and disappearing. The individual being is tossed hither and thither, until, abstracted from sensuous perception, he sinks into its depths.

Remote from the light of the senses and of the understanding, says the poet, the light of reason radiates from the light of the Lord.

In a dark night thou seest not color; it is the darkness that makes known to thee the light.

Out of the sea of thought plunges the sound, the word, and back to the sea it returns; thought reabsorbs its sense. As the All is lost in the Lord, so is the Form lost in the Formless that bore it.

The universe passes away, changes its garment each moment, but who perceives its renewal? Like a river, life flows uninterrupted and even; like the course of a spark swung around, that circles and curves through the air; like a line that is seen in quick flight; a series of points, of vanishing moments.

The earth is true; corn springs up where corn is sowed. But its fidelity rests on that of the sun, and it is God's thought that animates all. Like a senseless stone is he who comprehends this not; like a crystal filled with light is he to whom it is clear. There is no alchemy equal to God's alchemy. I would praise Him — yet praise implies separate existence; he who praises stands outside of the Being praised.

The soul is a bird shut up in the cage of the body, longing for freedom. The poet exhorts the soul to look with the glance of love unselfishly into the world, the pure mirror wherein God is revealed and, confounded with His glory, to sing as the lark sings at early dawn.

Death is welcomed as an escape from the bondage of the senses.

“ While your dim eyes but see through
The haze of earth's sadness,
My frame, doomed to mix with
The mouldering clod,
I am treading the courts of the
Seventh heaven in gladness,
And basking unveiled in the
Vision of God.”

Death ends the trouble of life, but life shudders at its approach; it sees the dark hand, and not the clear cup which death offers. Thus, says the poet, a heart shudders at the approach of love; for where love awakes, selfishness dies. Let it die, he adds, if thou wouldst breathe freely. He alone is free who hath conquered self.

As ice at heart is the same as water, and proceeds therefrom, so out of the ethereal light of Divinity is formed this external universe, which can only exist separately because the rays of heavenly glory do not penetrate it wholly. The blue horizon overarches it in mournful remembrance of its severance from God. (Blue, with the Persians, is the color of mourning.) Cling not, O soul, to this world of change, but recognize the changeless that underlies it. The sun's rays are many, but its light is one.

Filled with this mystic sense of oneness, the poet loses sight of every distinction. Limit is swallowed up in the illimitable. “ Nothing seems every thing, and every thing seems nothing.” Pantheism is the result.

" Nothing is the mirror, and the
 World the image in it;
 God the shower is, who
 Shows the vision every minute."

ELLEN M. MITCHELL.

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MIND vs. MATTER.

The conflict between Idealism and Materialism ever and anon breaks out in some new quarter, but the *casus belli* through all the ages remains the same. The riddle of the sphinx was solved in the schools of Greece; the intellectual man is no longer an inexplicable enigma. Berkeley raised an iconoclastic hand against those material forms before which the grossest idolaters, until the present day, have continued to worship. An incestuous alliance with these same materialistic notions has been formed by his professed followers; and modern idealism, like the mythological king of Thebes, is now banished from its own stronghold. Realism has fallen completely into the hands of the materialist; and, in its captivity, too hastily concedes that the Berkeleyan distinctions between mind and matter was a "mere logomachy" — a "metaphysical abstraction."

Thus the breach which the "ideal bishop" opened is made the butt of ridicule; but whether his distinctions be real or unreal, an impartial history testifies that Berkeleyanism possessed a strength which its strongest antagonists dare not encounter. It was a breach which the extravagant speculations of ideal pantheism could not bridge over; a bottomless pit, which the "corporeal substance" — the rubbish of materialism — has not been able to fill up. "In itself," as Huxley, in his lecture on the *Physical Basis of Life*, concedes "it is of little moment whether we express the phenomena of matter in the terms of spirit, or the phenomena of spirit in the terms of matter;" though this *materialistic* terminology (to reverse his own argument and turn it against him) would be "utterly barren, and lead to nothing but obscurity and confusion of idea," if, according to the irresistible logic of Berkeleyanism, there is no such thing as "matter."

To avoid confusion, we must use the terminology of Idealism, and must base all our argument for spiritual existences wholly upon the data furnished by an idealistic system. Physiological facts can be used to prove nothing about a distinct spirituality from the standpoint of a materialistic empiricism; thus, the mind cannot be known as distinct, as other than corporeal substance. The dead Monism of